STUDIES IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

MRS. PIOZZI. (THRALE.)

4 In 1785," says William Gifford, esq., "a few English of both sexes, whom chance had jumoled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high-flown panegyries on hemselves, and complimentary 'cauzonettas' on two or three Italians, who understood too Kitle of the language in which they were written to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm; nor, indeed, much good; but as folly is they are associated. The flood of printed matter she said to him one day, "I have had my share of progressive, they soon wrought themselves into the opipion that they really deserved the fine things of it the venest wish-wash winch ever swept have, but you have borne it like an angel, and you which were mutually said and sung of each other." This good-natured paragraph marks the post-Johnsonian period of Mrs. Thrale's life. Dr. Johnson died in 1784. But the era of friendship which had existed between Belt-court and Streatham had for some time been concluded. She who had so long good-naturedly tolerated the bad manners of the lexicographer, had numored his foibles and sedulously ministered to his capricious comfort, had seen fit to marry as she pleased. Johnson's conduct when he heard of Mrs. Thrale's engagement with Mr. Piozzi has always struck me as singularly brutal and British. The match in the first place was simply none of his business. He was one of the brewer's executors, but there were no instructions in the will providing that Mrs. Thrale should not remarry without the consent of Dr. Johnson. The placed man of malt and hops knew has wife and be carried away by the example of many reminisperhaps knew Dr. Johnson too well to indulge in cents who had known Dr. Johnson far less intiany such testamentary instructions (as the lawyers say) "in restraint of marriage." Johnson, in his last letter, addressed to her on her marriage with the Italian singing-master, admits that he " had no pretence to rescut it." There was once foolish talk of his winning her himself. I have no right to the least reputation as a student and observer of those the late Secure Johnson during the last Twenty times, but if I had I would stake it upon the opin- Years of his Life," There were critics who discov ion that such as alloance never for a moment en-tered into the thoughts of either the Doctor or the Dame. If the impossibility of such a January and May matter is considered, a whole flood of light will be thrown pen the whole business. Mr. Thirde died in 1781. Mrs. Thrate was then fortytwo years of age. Johnson was seventy-three years 'old before the death of his old friend Thrate gave even him the opportunity of marrying Hester. The common se ise of that great nature would have been aroused to a feeling of the incompatibility I believe that such is the proper word) of mating his age, his habits and even his tastes with a woman nearly half a century his junior. He would have said speculations at once becomes insolvent.

tall and stately man, unbending when Johnson test details, as must always be the case in a report of religion," that she had "forfered her faces and her the opportunity to attach him pretty closely to her | writing a "Town Eclogue," in which they contend | perfect right to do; and her persistence exhibited the intercourse. It was certainly something thus to | The points are take a from their respective books. have a monopoly of the learned Doctor, and to be am tempted to quote the verses put into Mrs. Monlagu, from the dinner-table of Sir Joshua Rey- Boswell to Johnson's district of her last marriage; nolds, and from the loquacions delectations of the club. Joinson at first liked her, and fiad reason for liking her. What he did not like was her perpetual vivacity, her lack of scrupulosity in narrative, and two or three totbles which he constantly naw and as constantly condened. He was content to share in her literary labors, and she might well have been content with her assistance. Together they made versions from the Latin of Bothius. If he scalded her, he admitted that she bore it like an angel, and was the better for it. But he insisted that she provoked him to say severe things by her unreasonable flattery. He was complaisant enough. however, to advise her to write a sort of autobiog-

bry which has now no special interest. Dr. Colher, an early and particular friend, taught her Laum, so far as she ever knew the lauguage. She was thought to be making a great match when she married Thraie. He took her to Streatham, and her married life began. It was not precisely a happy one. Once Dr. Johnson said that she lived like her husband's " kept mistress-shut from the world, its the browery got into pecuniary difficulties. There was a certain Humphrey Jackson-" a vulgar fellow," as Mrs. Thrale calls him-who practised on Thrale's credulity, " till by mixing two cold liquors which produ ed heat perhaps, or two colorless liquors which produced brilliancy, he at length liquors which produced brilliancy, he at length prevailed on him to think that he could produce beer too, without the beggarly elements of beer and Thrale himself is usually left out of account, but beer too, without the beggarly elements of beer and hops." Jackson took other methods of dipping deep into poor Thrale's pocket. He pretended to have discovered a curious stuff, which should preserve ship's hottoms from the worms. Money was to be got in some way from Government to defray the enormous expenses of these speculations; but all went wrong. The beer was spoiled; and there was none to "start for customers." A sudden run menaced the house. Mrs. Thrale showed herself to be a good business woman at this crisis. She lent Mr. Thrale her mother's savings-about £3,000. She begged and borrowed £6,000 more. Some £6,000 were procured of a Mr. Rush-some £5,000 of a Lady Lade. Mrs. Thrale went about raising money in all directions with pertinacious assiduity. The debts of the brewery we - £13" 000, besides borrowed money. Mrs Threath the proudly that in nine years every shilling a paid. She seems to have been rather the better business man; and this Recause when we come to speak of her as a literary woman, we may not be able to speak in such com-

She was a Welshwoman with a fine family ances-

plimentary terms. I say this because, after all her association with literary people, and her literary habits, Mcs. Thrale appears to the critical eye rather a mediocre woman. Her verse is of a sort which anybody with sufficient persistence can write; which a great many people do write; and which amounts to nothing after it is written. There is something about literature which attracts the attention and which stimulates the ambition of those upon whom none of the Muses have looked affectionately. They like to be to the fashion. They like to print things which will be just a little talked about. They belong to a school. They float in a delicious sea of adulation. They are the centres of genial gossip. But, O good friends, if only you could know how little it is which you do, and how little important ; how sure all these melodic productions of yours are to be forgotten; how unnecessary it is that you or I should attempt to add anything to the world's literary store, surely you would put the cork into the ink-bottle, and fling the pen out from the window, and make the paper up into useful lamplighters! Poor Mrs. Thrale, like Mrs. This, That and The Other, belongs to the class which, without any anguish, we could well spare. We would not be un kind to these verse-makers. But it would be far bester if the gods would send down upon them some benefaction of literary sense, and of the real purport and upshot of literary work. Then, indeed, they might be blessedly silent.

It is curious that the names of so many mediocre literary people should be preserved solely by their connection, casual or longer continued, with Dr. Johnson. Many of the members of the clubs and cotories which made him such a lion had but small coming her." This was in the days of the great

would now find it hard to say, if put to the question, for what Soame Jenyns, Bennett Laugton, Mr. politeness not to hint at the book, avoiding the subject with graceful delicacy. At last, when they Barretti, Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Anna Williams, Thomas Edwards, Aaron Hill, not to mention a score of others, were distinguished. Johnson gave a I am sorry to say, somewhat rare good breeding. kind of immortality to mis black servant Frank, and Madame D'Arbiay dwells again and again apon be to the apothecary Levett, who found a shelter under | sweetness of disposition, and upon her heart " alhis roof. His personal history must always be re-ready fitted for an ther world "-a good instance of sorted to for rare and obsenve titles in the bibliog- | Fanny Burney's extravagance. raphy of the last century. Most of the names which we encounter in Boxwell's biography semall that it was not in a way which prevented him from the smaller for the really great ones with which recognizing and rebusing her faults. "I am sure." through the book market. The books about him have been the better for it." He charged her with more mesavory degradation. The post-mortem votames respecting him, his merits and demerits, his nothing like this new. The depth of such distin- understanding. guished men as Thackeray, Dickens, Lord Beaconsfield or Carlyle brought out a good many catch penny books, but they were as nothing compared with the legion which the demise of Johnson elicited. Nor were all of these of precisely a friendly character. Some of them described him as a monster or bad manners, as dictatorial, gluttonish untidy and socially intolerable. It was impossible for a woman with a book-bee in her bonnet not to mately than herself, or who had not known him at tken at Legnorn, and if she still narbored any fesentments against her ancient triend and literary benefactor, they yielded to her love of fame or o

ered in it "latent signs of vanity and pique," but perimps they only found what they looked for work. "Our comic performers," he says, " are Bus

able to wile him from the peacock saloons of Mrs. Piozzi's mouth as she reterts upon some allusion of

"What was my marriage, Sir, to you or lem! He tell me what to do !--a pretty whim!

Upon her return from Holy, Mrs, Piozzi took a nonse in Hunsver Square, London. What Macaulay the facts, if they are truthfully related in her autoevery respect satisfactory, and that 'if only de-pended upon herself to resume her former place in biography. She avers that her reception was in wrong to come home after all, out very right. The Italians would have said we were afraid to face England, and the Englist would have said we were confined abroad in prisons or convents, or some such stuff." She mentions one story which had been circula ed-how her insband locked her up at Milan, and fed her on bread and water. Under one date she writes: "We had a fine assembly last night indeed; in my best days I never had a liner; there were near a hundred people in the rooms, which were much admired." She had, as she is pleasures or its cares." All went well enough until careful to record, her consolations. The public was partial to her; and all whose kindness was worth withing for were "sincerely attached to her husband." There is a woman's touch about this which

is worth noting.

There is a general idea that Johnson's intimacy there is a plenty of evelence that his attachment to Johnson was of the warmest character and was warmly reciprocated. Although a brewer, he was an excellent scholar. Comparing the man and his wife. Johnson said: "She is more dippant, but he as ten times her learning; he is a regular scholar; but her learning is that of a school-box in one of the lower forms." He did not take much part in the conversation at Streatham, but with Dr. Johnson and his wife engaged, he did not probably have describes his character and manners to have been those of "a plain, independent English squire" but upon this she makes the indignant comment No. no! Mr. Thrale's manners presented the character of a gay man of the town; like Millamont in Congreve's coincily, he althorred the country and everything in it." His affection for Johnson was of the kindest character. One morning he called upon him soon after making his requiritance, in company with his wife, and found him in the lowest depths of hypochondria. The philosopher gave way to such an uncontrollable barst of despair re-garding the world to come that Mr. Thrale tried to step his month by placing one hand before it. He then entreated him to quit his close habitation for a period and come with them to Streatham. This was the beginning of an intimacy which lasted sixteen years, and during this period a room in their house was always set apart for him. It was Mr. Thrale, it will be observed, who profiered this noble and honorable hospitality; and Johnson told Boswell: "I know no man who is more master of his wife and family than Thrale. If he holds up a finger, he is obeyed." He is portrayed by a somewhat prejudiced observer as " tall, well-proportioned and stately," while she was "short, plump and brisk." Once when she appeared before the Doctor in a gown of iron-gray, he said to her: "You little creatures should never wear those sort of clothes, however; they are unsuitable in every way. What! have not all insects gay colors? Perhaps Mr. Carlyle had this remark in his mind when he compared the little lady to a butterfly which the elephantine lexicographer loved to wave to and fro upon his trunk. Again we are told that she was "short, and though well proportioned, broad and deep-chested." Her hands were muscular and almost coarse, but her writing was, even in her eightieth year, exquisitely beautiful. Her complexion had been spoiled by the use of rouge, which she kept up in her old age. Her manners seem always to have been so cordial and agrecable that Dr. Johnson might have taken a lesson from her,

Madame D'Arblay says that when she made her

first visit to Streatham, the mistress of the house

"received her, taking both nands and cordially wel-

claims to distinction. The average English reader | success of "Evelina"; but Mrs. Thrale had the true were quite alone together in the library, she mentioned the nevel. This shows particularly nice and

which followed the death of Dr. Johnson was much | scoiding from you," He replied: "It is true, you have, but you have borne it like an angel, and you nave been the better for it." He charged her with often provoking him to say severe things by perpennal commendation. Yet he once paid her the compliment of saying: "In great matters, you are hardly ever mistaken." He liked to have her in London, and complemed that by staying so much in the country, feeding the chickens, she starved her the country, feeding the chickens, she starved her the country of the chickens, she starved her the chickens, and complement of the country of the chickens, she starved her the chickens, she starved her the chickens, and the chickens of the chickens, and the chickens of the c were many of them of a kind to lend to the mechan-often provoking him to say severe things by scal trade of mere book-making a new and still perpendial commendation. Yet he once paid her closely printed pages in the manuals. There is the country, feeding the chickens, she starved her

Mating his friendship so high, as he had reason to do, the death of Thrale was a severe blow to Johnson. In the first letter of condolence which he wrote to the walow he told her that she had "enjeved h ppicess in marriage to a segree of which without personal knowledge he should have thought the descript on fabulous," Yet she had some reason for complaint. There was a certain lovely Sophia Streatheld of whom Mr. Thrale was apparently fond r than he should have been, There were scenes of jealensy in which Johnson did not take a very friendly part, sicing in rather too all. Johnson died in December, 1781. She was | marked a manner with Mr. Thrale, who, however, was in a very bad mental and bodily condition at the time. He died " on the morning of a day on which half the fashion of London had beca invited money. In 1786 was published her "Anec otes of to an intended assembly at his house in Grosvenor The dramatic story of Dr. Johnson's farewell to

Streatham has been admirately tell by Lord Ma-

anlay - the prayer which he composed and the last

se which he made of the library; and it has gen-

erally been understood that this depirture was her landing to be received like the Governor of March, 1783, and "imagined all to be as well as Gibraltar and to find the road strawed with formerly." On the ligh of June following, Johnson "No" to her, I firmly believe, even if she had given him a woman's infimation. If once the notion of narriage is demissed, all the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too performs the new book wretched; a high-variashed prense to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too yould be needed by the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too yould be needed by the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too yould be needed by the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too yould be needed by the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too yould be needed by the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too yould be needed by the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too yould be needed by the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size, and too yould be needed by the rest is easy to a heap of rubbish in a very vulgar size. of donestic bereavements and business difficulties, bry; but after a close inquiry he is satisfied of their had "become a snopert for her encodes to exulmight possibly have been a little more charitable could see anything to admire"-an ill natured She printed a book of travels on the Continent; he she printed a book of fravers on the continent; her correspondence with Johnson; and a sort of his torical compilation of 1.000 pages. She leved for the most part at her own place, called Bryniella, in Wales, where Piozzi died in 1800. After 1811 she resided charly at Bath and Clifton. She man-tained her propensity for alling in love to the last, she took a lancy for an actor named Conway, who was "six teet high, and a handsome man to boot."
This dramatic gentlesses came to America, threw himself overloadd and was drowned during a voyage from New-York to Charleston in 1828. In voyage from New-York to Charleston in 1888, the affait with Mrs. Prozzi, he behaved in a very himorable way, returning a considerable sum of more, which she had presented to him. Upon the occasion of her eightlight brithday, she gave at Bath a concert, ball and suppar to seven hundred guests, and led of the damong with her adopted son, Sir John Salusbury, Sac is said to have exhibited "astemshing clustuaty," and it was like hibited "astemshing clustuaty," and it was like

A PARLIAMENTARY MENAGERIC

From the Leisure hour.

Lord Brongham once likewed the House of Commons at certain seasons to a menageric, an issue of a certain tight, had a band jet on been conducted min the House, and not told what the place was he would certainly have supposed as was in some zoological establishment. It was on the 1sth of July, 18-55, an account of the sitting of the House may be found in either of the morang papers for the condition, dames Grant was there, and he has desired for the mass for the condition.

leader, and account of the sitting of the House may be found in either of the morang papers for the next day. James Grant was there, and he has described it; but The Morning Foot gives a gradue described it; but The Morning Foot gives a gradue described it; but The Morning Foot gives a gradue described in the countries and baggies, the yelping of homes, the crowing of the coes, "so admirable, says Mr. Grant, "that you could not have distinguished it from the real character," the bleating of sheep, the braying of asses.

(pon another occasion we have an account of an homeable member who rose annot be entire in the corresponding to the said." Trise, sir—ironical cheers, mitgled with a 1 sorts of zoological sounds)—I rise, sir, for the purpose of stating that have—(*Oh oh!" "Bah!" and sounds resembling the bleating of a sheep, mingled with fond laughter.] Homorable gentlemen may endeavor to put me down by their unmannerly interruptions but I have a duty to perform to my con—ironical cheers, loud coughing, sneezing, and yawning extended to an increatible length, followed by loud bursts of laughter.) I say, sir, I have constituents who, on this occasion, expect that I—Cros of 'Should sit down' and shouts of laughter.] They expect sir, that on a question of such importance (O-o-a-a, and loud laughter, followed by cries of 'Order! order! from the Speaker.) I tell honerable gentlemen who choose to conduct themselves in such a way that I am not to be put down by—(Groans, coughs, sneezing, hems and various animal sounds, men who choose to conduct themselves in such a way that I am not to be put down by-(Groans, way that I am not to be put sown by circular, coughs, sneezings, hems and various animal sounds, some of which closely imitated the yelping of a dog and the squeaking of a pig, interspersed with peak of laughter.) I appeal—("Cock a-leerie-o-oo!" The imitation in this case of the crowing of a cock was remarkably good that not even the most staid of orderly members in the House could preserve er gravity. The laughter which followed owned the Speaker's cries of 'Order' order!' I drowned the Seeaker's cries of 'Order' order') and, sir, this is most unbecoming conduct on the part of an assembly calling itself re—' Bow, wow, wow, and bursts of laughter.) Sir, may I ask any honorable gentleman who can—' Mew, mew, and renewed hughter.) Sir, I claim the protection of the chair. (The Speaker here again rose and called out 'Order' order' in a loud and angry tone, on which the urroar in some measure subsided.) If nonorable gentlemer, will only allow me to make one observation I will not further trespass on their attention, but sit down at once. (This was followed by the most tremendous cheering in earnest.) I only beg to say, sir, that I think this is a most dangerous and unconstitutional measure, and will therefore vote against it." The honorable gentle-man then resumed his seat amidst deafening apHOME INTERESTS.

PRICES IN THE MARKETS. FISH PLENTIFUL-A DEMAND FOR MUTTON-HOT-BOUSE VEGETABLES-THE FRUIT-STALLS.

The fish market daying the past week has been

overstocked with Canadian smelts. These are frozen and consequently inferior in flavor to the green smelts from Maine and Massachusetts. Frozen smelts are 5 cents a pound and green smelts 15 m week at 30 cents, while four-pound salmon rold ing New Year 1856s. Live course are Sense, permet; real snappers, 48 cents and bluef in 25 cents; colice Southern black base are 20 cents a pound salmon trout, small pickarei and whitefish ar 18 cents. Crayfish are \$4 a hundred, hard crab \$3 50, and soft-shelled brown cabs 75 cents dezen. Prawus and scalleps are \$1 50 a gallon, an oysters are from 75 cents to \$2 50 a hundred. The best owslers come from various parts of the nort hest oysters come from various parts of the north shore of Long Island. Large pickled oysters are

shore of Long Island. Large pickled oysters are \$2.50 a hundred. Green tartle seed, in two-quark feetles, is \$2.2 a kettle.

There is no change in the price of beef. Prime real is a little higher: leg of year is 23 cents a pound, filled of year 35 cents, hams 20 cents, chops 19 cents, and racks 19 cents. Good sweetbreads are very scarce, and when sold bring as high as \$7 or \$8 a dozen. There is a special demand now for heavy matton. The best comes from Canada. The rest legs of mutton are 12by cents a pound, loin of mutton is 14 cents, seven-rib racks 18 cents, and eleven-rib 14 cents. Even rib racks 18 cents, and eleven-rib 14 cents.

pound. Edura cheeses are \$1 10 each, smearphs 22 cents a pound by the cheese. Near chat 'che e sa re 5 cents cach ar 50 cents a dozen. Fresh Long Island eggs are 45 cents a dozen. New York State eggs 35 cents. The Sen Sen growers and the hot-houses of Long.

white onions 10 cents a quart, and ovater plant. I5 cents a binet. There is beginning to be a scarcity of patatoes. A considerable quantity has been imported from Ireland, but the boasted native Irish potato is a very inferior vegetable. The immense eyes are so sunk in the root that a large part of the substance has to be cut away before they can be taken out the

to texture and haver, a so becomes one and sense on after it is cooked. There is no demand for them in this market. The nest Early Rose potatoes are \$3.50 a barrel but the supply is small and hey are likely to be higher.

There is a targe quantity of oranges and lemons from Fiorida, Jamaica and the other side of the cean now in market. Good small Greena lemons lifie the few choice Fields, a choice was a legren for sale are 60 cents. These are the much mid of immense size. Sweet fittle Changes from Florida are 30 to 50 cents, and but wer truit 40 cents to \$1.25. Mandarin oran

MENU,
Gumbo Soup,
Fried Ross, Mashed Potnices,
Vol-au-Vent of sweetherals.
Hairich of Muton, Hain, and Brinseds Sprouts.
Frilets of Grouse and Sauce Piquante.
Bonquer Salad.
Crachers and Cheese,
Pluta Pariding. Vanilla Cream.
Apples, Nuts, and Raisins.
Coffee.

MENT

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

GUMBO SOUT.—Cut up a pair of good sized chief cas as for a frequence, flour them well and put into pan with a good sized piece of butter, and fry a ni-brown; then lay them in a sonp-por, pour on thre quarts of hot water, and let them simmer slowly li-two hours. Braid a little flour and but er togethe for a threening and stirm a little gamer and said for a tinckening and stir in a little pepper and salt.

Strain a quart or three pints of oysters and and the junce to the scup. Next add four or five slices of cold boiled hain, and let it boil slowly for ten intenses. Just before you take up the soup, stir in two large spoontule of finely powdered sassafras leaves, and let it summer five intifuces, then add y arroysters. It is nice without hain. Serve in a deep dish, and garnish with rice.

Botog: T Salado.—Four hard boiled eegs, finely chomes; one just of water for a thickening and stir in a little pepper and sail

chopen; one head of leftuce, or one pint of water cresses; a large bunch of endive, the French dressing, with the addition of one traspoonful of sugar, which the leftuce or cresses and endive and throw into ice water. When crisp, take out, and shake out aif the water. Put a layer in the bowl, with here are the corresponding blossom, and

put a sew in the centre. Serve immediately.

I reneal Salad Dressing.—Three tablespoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, one saltspoonful of sail, one ball a saltspoonful of pepper. Fut the salt and peoper in a cup and add one tablespoonful of the oil. When theroughly mixed, and the remainder of the oil and vinegar. This is dressing enough for a sailed for six persons. If you like the flavor of onion, grate a little juice into the dressing. The juice is obtained by first pecting the onion, and then grating with a coarse grater, using a good dead of pressure. Two strokes will give about two drops of juice—enough for this rule.

Ginger Coortes—Two coars. Now that GINGER COORIES.-Two cups New-Orleans me

lasses, one cup laid, one-half cup sugar, one heaping reaspoonful seda dissolved in three-quarters cup warm water, one teaspoonful ginger, one large teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful cloves. Mix with enough flour to ke p them from sticking to the heart and hake a nice brown color. to the board, and bake a nice brown color. I consider them just as good as the bakers' cookies. NEW-ENGLAND BARED INDIAN PUDDING-, One

quart of milk, three-quarters cup of molasses, two teaspoons ginger, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, a bit of salt. Sur these thoroughly together and let come to a boil. Have ready three desert spoon into of Indian meal we in a little cold milk; put it into the hot milk and after stirring thoroughly let it b, il the nor limit and after satting to to do made early in the morning and set away to cool. When needed for dinner take two eggs well beaten, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, half a teacop cold milk, str this into the first mixture and let it bake two hours.—

butter and two ounces salt pork cut in dice, and fry it brown. When it is brown stir an ounce of flour with it, and let the flour brown; geason it with a teaspoonful of sait, a level teaspoonful of pepper, and a tablespoonful of chapped parstey; cover it with bolling water and let it summer gently for an hour, or until the checken is tender. Meantame make the Fleet-street can power by wanting in interest to a power by wanting in interest to a

Pasts.—Put helf a pound of flour in a heap on the pastry local dimake a hollow in the centre into which he gravy, fit on it a cover of paste, 0 that it a list e, and leaving some horse in the the steam (a escape; bake it about an hous de are oven until the coust is nice; browned. too for the steam to escape; take it ason, an most in a most care oven until the constraint cly browned. Then erve it. From wise Carson's Cooking School Text Book for S. M. R.

Chocolate Softer Ex.—Grate one-half conce of

Set sen Pir.—Hubbard squash is best for pies.
After builing mess out all the water possible, which can only be done by patting it into that cloths and wringing out with the hands. The drier the squash the better the pie. Mix with the quash will esugar, milk, cream, the cr.a little cimuamou a little sait an a trifle of mace. Baked in a deep pie dish it ought to be a perfect success. When it rises into an oval it is denne G. H. H.

ORANGE PDE.-Grate the rinds of two oranges and squeeze he lines. Cream a quarter of a pound of batter and by deer es dd half a pound of sagar. Bea in the yolks of six e gs faireasy well beaten, then the rind and juice of he oranges. Beat the whitesoft e egg to a stiff froth and mix them h hitly in the ot er ingedlents. Bake in paste lined tin pis plates.

GERMAN COOKERY.

BY MIS. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Stopping the other day at a well-known restaurant, I happened to be an involuntary listener to some very conflicting opinions as to German cookshwerm she had a taste of the National blackpudding, or at a town in Silesia was regaled with Lungerous immeed sheep's lighter and that the ormer not with no such ill-fortune, but happened to get the average good fare of whatever part of Germany she may have visited. The fact is, that "German cookery" has a very

ipality has its distinct dialect; so also has each its own favorite dishes and its own separate way of famous Vienna cur inc, where a cook who wishes to enter a family of the broker class is required to know as many distorer kinds of publings as there

are days in the year, and after having tasted the best fare in the north and south of Germany, I still prefer the culivary middle kingdom-that section my arrival late in the evening by the express train

the house made the tea after we all set down by means of a silver tea-heitle over a spirit lamp. Resides several kinds of delicious bread, white and brown, and a large print of butter, we had a rou lade of yeal with as ie, and a sauce remoulade. both cold, a salad and a compote, followed by a course of cheese. A punch-torte tor cake) was served for dessert.

I was inquisitive enough to ask for the recipefor these dishes and since the dispute of my fair neighbors at the restaurant has recalled to my mind that first "tea" during my stay in Germany, I present them here to my fellow-aspirants in the art of making meals not only a matter of necessity, but dso of enjoyment :

ROULADS OF VEAL .- Take the bones out of a fine large breast of yeal; spread a thin layer of torce meat over the inner side of it; lay over it thin slices of raw ham; sprinkle with mineed parsicy and hard boiled yolk of eggs, also mineed. Roll it tightly and the securely with twine. Beaks it in a tightly covered slaw-pot thus: Line the bottom of the pot with slices of fat salt pork, on which place the roulade; add one or two outous-halved and larded with three cloves each -o e bay-leaf, a few pepperweds, the thin peel of a lemon, and squeeze over all the juice of the latter. Butter a sheet of white paper large enough to cover the whole, and put it over the meat with he buttered side down. Put until done-allow one-half hour to every pound of meat. Be sure to remove the twine before serving. Place on a large meat-dish when cold, and heap around it some golden-colored aspic, broken up in small pieces with a silver spoon.

Asptc.—Take a pair of calves' feet—scalded be-

fore hand-one and a quarter pounds of lean beef, two pounds of yeal, a quarter-pound of lean ham; cover it with cold water and place over a moderate fire. Skim it as the seum rises; let it both from four to five hours, or until the volume, of water is reduced one-half. Remove from the fire and take off all the fat. Beat the while of three eggs with half a gill (or one-eighth of a pint) of vinegar until frothy; add one small onion cut in sile s, two bay leaves, six pepper seeds, five cloves, a saltspoonful of salt and some taragon leaves, if to be had. Mix well, and add it to the above broth, after it has somewhat cooled. Let it come to a boil, and if too acid allow it to boil a minute or two. Cover aptightly and leave stanting on a hot place (without boiling) differs mignites. Add some caramel to give it a rich golden or amber color. Pour the whole through a flaunci jelly bug, and repeat until clear.

FORCE MEAT FOR THE ROULADE.—Heat contablespoorful of butter in a frying pan, add to it two tablespoorfuls of mincel onion, and one of parsley, and sprinkle over all this an even teaspoonful of flour. Add some soup-stock until it forms a thin paste; then thicken with finely minced meat of either chicken or yeal, which has been cooked beforehand.

cocked beforehand.

Sauce Remotrane.—Take the yolks of four hard boiled ergs; rub fine with a silver spoon. Stir into them into by little three tablespoonints of sweet oil and one table-poonful of French taragon vinegar. Add finally one table-poonful of grape vinegar, one half tea-poonful of mineed parsiey, the same quantity of mineed chive, one half tablespoonful of mineed capers, a pinch of mineed onion; pepper and sait to taste. Put on tee to thicken.

per and sail to taste. Put on ice to thicken.

Salad of Celery and Calbrage.—Boil some turnip-rooted cetery in salted water until tender. Then peal and ent in even slices, and pour over them whilst still hot a plain drussing of oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. Shred very line some red cabbage, and mix with the same dressing, which will bring out the deep red col ringof the cabbage. Heap up the latter in the middle of a rather flat salad-dish and arrange the slices of dressed celery, when cold, around it in a circle. An additional garnish of springs of water-cress on the outside of the celery will improve the looks of this salad.

Compared to Appendix.—Take appendix and the colors of the celery.

will improve the looks of the outside of the celery will improve the looks of this saiad.

COMPOTE OF APPLES.—Take some apples which will stay firm and whole in cooking. Peal them very evenly and remove the core so as to leave the apple whole on one end. Soak them for lifteen minutes in some cold water, slightly thetured with lemon-juice, which will prevent their disc loring during the process of cooking. Fill up the cavities with some current jelly, or any kind of sweet marmelade. Place them in a stewing-pan, pour around them half a pint of white wine and as much water as the vessel will hold without touching the filling of the apples. Add to the water half a pound of sugar and the thin peal of half a lemon. Cover tightly and boil gently until tender. Then remove each apple carefully into a glass dish; pour over them a few spoonfuls of the lugor; add a few more spoonfuls of sugar to the rest of the latter, and boil to a jelly, with which to garnish the dish of apples.

PUNCH-TORTE.—Take one pound of the linest

PUNCH-TORTE.-Take one pound of the finest PUNCH-TORTE.—Take one pointed and best sugar (good weight). Stir into it gradually the vokes of twenty eggs, and continue stirring for three quarters of an hour. Add then the grated rind of one leason, fourfeen ounces of cornstarch, and lastly the whites of the twenty eggs, beaten to dinner take two eggs well beaten, two tablespeonfais melted briter, half a teacup cold milk, stir this
into the first mixture and let it bake two hours.

G. H. H.

CHICKEN PIE.—Choose a rather tender fowl, pluck
all the pin feathers, singe off the hairs with a piece
of burning paper, then wipe the fowl with a clean
f damp cloth, draw it carefully by slitting the skin at
the back of the neck and taking out the erop without tearing the skin of the breast; loosen the heart,
liver and lungs by introducing the foreinger at the
neck; and then draw them, with the entrails, from
the rent. Unless you have broken the gall, or the
entrails in drawing the bird, do not wash ft; for this
greatly impairs the flavor, and partly destroys the
nourishing qualities of the flesh. Cut it in joints
and put it into a hot frying-pan with an ounce of

twenty yards of 'Rearing Temple flar' w should have a unique touch in it of humor nations for those who are open to emorions. The houses on the north sid Flestest, from Bell-yard east-ward I neen pulled down, and builders ho may conecal the wreck and deters behind, eximmortalized, stands the grided cock, above the low does of the ancient tayern which has borne has name since Elizabeth's time, at any rate, and longer for anything we know to the contrary. He is 83id to have been carved by Grinling Giobous, but apon what authority we could never ascertain. At any rate, there he does stand for the inomend, mothering the forlors noor of the last of the grantine old Fleet-st, tayerns, to which we should advise any reader of antiquarian tastes who may never have seen it to resort speedily; for we fear that the praiseworthy efforts of the lesse to preserve the ground-floor dining-room—the only portion new left of the ancient Cock and Bottle except the marrow passage leading to it from the streat—may prove furile in this destructive and irreverent age.

The long room, divided in a sum boxes, with

The long room, divided me same boxes, with sanded floor and large open fireplace surmounted by its rough but comely carved black oak mantel, pace, undoubtedly shoot there much as it sands now when the fire of London was raging within a pace, indontedly shool there much as it stands now when the fire of London was raging within a hundred yards of it, and making a clean sweep of every buttoning away for more than a mile to the east. Stinate in the very heart of the district where lawyers and journalists are bred and most do congregate, it has been frequented by generation after generation of the jointh of those two troublesome callings. Not to go back into the dim ages, we may be is ray certain that the burly Doctor and Goldseith, with wig awiy, have solated their inner man in these boxes; while it is quite certain that it has been the constant resort in their early years of most of our eminent lawyers and writers for the last contary. It was at the cock that Sugden and Campbell first met, and after dioning frigally together adjourned to the pit of the Stiano I heatre, where, while waiting for the opening of the doors, the real-property student astonished his companion by asking him what he thought of the scendilla jurie, it was here, as an eminent judge, now deceased, used to tell, that the great black letter lawyer of Lord-Lidon's time spent the spare hours of the long vacato tell, that the great black-letter law-er of Lord-Lidon's time spent the sparc hours of the long vaca-tion, at the end of which he informed a returning friend that he had never enjoyed himself more, as he had been "disporting himself in the doctrine of collateral warranty." Many of us have seen indges now on the b nch discussing their chop and sausage with the keen appet to of early manhood, and writers whose names have since be-come hous-hold words economicing their pint of should to make it last over the univalided portion of the idea choese which finished their frugal meal. In those days william, the "stout head water" of Tenn's o's poen, was sail graciously attending on Tenny so is poem, was still graciously attending on us, and manding

To each his perfect pint of stout, His proper enop to each,

ent neares: the fireplace was pointed out and country is still) as the corner in which the
Lau was wont to muse over ms gass of od
pere. Wiring, by the way, was by no means as
proud as ac should have been of the alustous to his
early life in "Will Waterproof's Monologue." The

was said to have seriously annoyed him. It may was said to have seriously annoyed him. It may
be doubted, however, whether but for diat same
poem he would have left behind him the sing sina
which he is said to have saved during his useful and
respected cateer. It is already more than twenty
years since he relited from the scene of his weiappreciated lators, for, the originary gratuity in
those days being a penny, no reader of feuny-on
ever thought of disbursing hiss than double that
amount when Witham was nimself the collector.

As little children in a darkened hall, At Christmes-line await the opening door, Lager to treat the fairy-haunted floor Around the tree with goodly gifts for all; And in the dark unto each other call— And in the dark unto each other can—
Irying to guess their happiness be ore—
Or knowing elders eagerly implore
To ten what fortune oright; them will fall;
So wait we in Time's din and barrow room,
And with strange fancies, or another's thought,
Try to dryine, before the current rise,
The wendrous scene! Yet soon shall fly the gloom,
And we hall see what nation ages sought— And we shall see what patient ages sought— The Giver's long-planned gift of Paradise. C. H. CEANDALL.

ME. TOM MATTHEWS, KING OF CLOWNS,

From The London World.

Not far to go, you see. My future home is full in

sight."
This remark proceeds from a very good-looking winte-harred old gentleman, with a cheery voice and ponshed manner, and endowed also with that and poissed manner, and canove a serious to design of the control galety which seems to have almost departed from us. Mr. Tom Matthews is the very reverse of the often-quoted hypochendriac, who, to bis physician's command to go and see harlequin, repixed truthfully and mournfully, "I am harlequin." Mr. Matthews was not, indeed, a hariequia, shown, and the favorite pupil of Grimaidi, and the last clown who was really funny. There are, and may been, wonderfunly agric clowns, skilled acrostats, and trainers of performing dogs and children. But they are not funny. The secret of this seems to use that they do not, like Grimaidi and his papil, make the clown an acting part. It is also possible that they have not that garety of temperature which, at the ago of seventy-six, Tom Mattnews has in perfection.

As he looks from the extreme outer fringe of Brighton toward the downs and the cemeter, opposite

Mattnews has in perfection.

As he looks "from the extreme outer fringe of Brighton toward the downs and the censetery epposite his window, it never seems to this cheery old gentleman that there is anything gloomy in the prospect. In keeping up the character of a "merry lanniy," he is well seconded by his daughter, Mrs. Lawrence, "As the parent, so the child is, she is daughter to a clown," and not hig can be more exhibitanting than to witness father and daughter, with planoforte, castanets and sleigh beils, going through a circus performance, while two enormous cats rush wildly round the room over tables and chors in a kind of steeplechase. This is the annaement of father and daughter when they had things going rather flatly. First the tartoscahell cat, which sits on Tom Matthews's shoulder, or rather curls round his neck like a fur coliar, is disloiged, and then the hage white Persan comes up from the lower regions. These cats are both prize-winners and beautiful animals, gentle and sagacous enough to know that the ratting of cestanets and rogang of circus-bells is the signal for fun. Thou Mrs. Lawrence sits down to the pranoforte, and away we all go urging on mentally our wild career. The cats become wild with excitement, and the pace, like the dim, increases, till the veteran pulls up, breathless from exertion and excitement.

Assuredly no man ever loved his work better

dm, increases, till the veteran pulls up, breathess from exertion and excitement.

Assuredly no man ever loved ms work better than this most amissing obelgentleman, who requires but little pressing to sing "Hot Codlins" or Granaldi's famous song, "Pus? Pettities," At times he will tell of his nervousness when he played clown at Drury Lane before the Queen, the Prince Censort, and their young chiddren. It will be remembered that in the song of "Hot Codlins" there is an eneroit considered epineux when koyal personages are present. The clown sings the song, but after suggesting that "This little woman she thought too sin To take a little drop of —, leaving the obvious "gin" to be supplied by the gallery. This taking of the andence into confidence has proved an enduring success; but the pairs of the clown while awaiting the response of the gallery is sometimes awkwardly filled up by its more enterprising members. Now the late Prince Consort was hardly, with all his virtues, the man to be subjected to a volley of gallery singgestions. Heave Matthows was very unhappy about "Hot Coulins," and dreaded some controlemps; but, to his great in the following and amusement, Prince Albert leant back in and dreaded some contributes; but, to his great re-lief and amusement. Prince Albert leant back in his chair and roared with laughter at the misfor-tures which befell the "little old woman" in the

famous song.

Few know how long and difficult it is for a clown to invent his come business for the season. As to the way in which clowns pick up fun, if they look for it, Mr. Matthews tells an admirably illustrative story. At the time referred to, he was living near Groundid in Rosoman-st. Going home one night, he saw a policeman steal a scrag of mutton from a burcher's shop, conceal it under his coat, and make oil. Next time he met the policeman, he laughingly asked how he liked mutton for dinner; and the abject terror of the man inspired him with the idea of a famous piece of comic business, of sound enduring quality. Mr. Matthews had at that time a favorite dog called Trudge, after a character in the once popular but now forgotten; lay of "Inkle and Yarico." Trudge was a haf-bred animal, between the types of the Newfoundland and drover's dog, and was very sagacious. He had been trained to play "The Dog of Montargis," a piece in which his master chacted Landry. The dog in this long popular drama is taught to leap at a pad, which the actor who is to be seized by him wears round his neck. It is curious that the dog once trained, takes no heed of the place where the pad is placed, that the same the policeman and taxed him with the robbery, he was exercising his dog, when the pad slipped down to the level of his pecket, and the dog at once seized him by the coat-tail. This was sufficient for the clown, who saw his "comic bustiness" at once. In the pantomine, clown became a butcher's man: the policeman passed, put a leg of mutton into his pocket, and, just as he was leaving the stage, was soized by the dog and pulled down. Whether this was the original of the jokes referring to stelen mutton against the pelice must remain unknown; but it has shown great staving. famous song.

Few know how long and difficult it is for a clown ring to stolen mutton against the police must re-main unknown; but it has shown great staving